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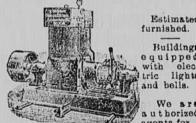
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THE TEMPLE AT ÆGINA.

Here would the beauty loving Greek beguile The thoughts of death that froze him. Still and lone
The sacred summit, where through years long

gone,
Illumed, with Art's supreme victorious smile,
Illumed, with Art's supreme victorious smile,
Ills haunted heart you solitary pile;
Where, hymned by chants from white sailed
galleys blown
O'er those blue waves' melodious monotone,
Pallus Atheno crowned Ægina's isle.

Hence would I seek, when sweetly dies the day.
With yearning eyes her yet more glorious

shrine,
Beyond the billowy mountains' barrier gray,
Till my charmed spirit feel her flash divine;
Bo shall Atheno reassert her sway,
So shall her perfect loveliness be mine.
—C. A. Kelly in Blackwood's Magazine.

MY ODD EXPERIENCE.

I am a commercial traveler, and when travoling long distances time hangs very

thing to do. A few days ago, while trav-

eling from Newcastle to White Haven, I

was perusing my favorite paper when my eyes fell on the following: "To Authors— One guinea a column is paid for original

One guines a column is paid for original contributions."

I had seen this notice every week, dating from the first few weeks this noted journal of "fact, fun and fiction" entered on its remarkable career, but now it suggested to me an idea. Why not, when traveling, davote my time to contributing to this

paper?

No sooner thought of than out came my

No sooner thought of than out came my notebook, and I traveled some miles further in deep thought, endenvering to find a subject on which to base my story. At length I came to the conclusion that I had got a column or two of interesting matter, so I commenced writing. After having half filled my notebook and concluded the last chanter of the table I clearly my best interesting that the contract of the table I clearly my best interesting that the last state of the table I clearly my best interesting that the last state of the table I clearly my best interesting the table of the table I clearly my best interesting the table of the table.

chapter of the tale I closed my book just as the train began to come to a standstill, and I heard the porters' voices crying out "Whitehaven."

This being my destination for the present, I emerged from the contartment, put

her of my integrity and respectability by remarking that I was a commercial travel

Having finished preparing tea, she with-drew and once more I was alone. Presently

I went for a stroll round the town and ther

on to the pier. There I saw a bill announcing that the steamer Lady Flind ran twice weekly to Belfast. I had often thought I should like to see Belfast, so, not being overburdened with business, I determined to go with the steamer on the

In the meantine I did my business during the day and spent my evenings in writing out my tale on several sheets of note paper preparatory to forwarding it to the editor.

the editor.

Thursday, the day fixed for my trip to the Emerald Isle, arrived. I got through my business in good time, and as the boat did not leave until 8 p. m. I thought I would have a game of billiards at the station hotel, so thither I made my way. While watching a game I remembered that I had not told my landlady of my intentions, and looking at my watch I found I had ten minutes in which to go to my rooms, gather my papers and inform Mrs Smith of my excursion. I rushed to my rooms, and while I hastily gathered my scattered sheets of the manuscript explained to Mrs. Smith:

"Going to Belfast—must run—back on Monday. Good day!"

When I arrived at the pier the vessel was

Monday. Good day!"
When I arrived at the pier the vessel was already in motion, but I got on beard, and soon the town of Whitehaven grow less and less distinct until it gradually disap-

peared from sight.

Having settled down in the saloon, I be-

gan to wonder whatever my landlady would think, for I had not paid her a

farthing in my hurry and excitement, but I had promised myself I would make it all right on my return. We landed at Belfast at 7 o'clock on

We landed at Belfast at 7 o'clock on Friday morning. I took a room at a temperance hotel and prepared myself for a look around the city. I had returned to my rooms to tea in the evening when a knock came at the door.

The waiter informed me that two gentlamen wishelf a sea me so I told him to

the watter informed me that two gen-tlemen wished to see me, so I told him to show them in. Presently two tall gentle-men entered. Not recognizing them, how-ever, I bade them be seated, when one of

"I think you're Mr. Edwards?"
I was puzzled for a moment.
"Well, yes," I replied, remembering my
tale; "I am known by that name, but you
have the advantage of me. To what, may
I ask, do I owe the honor of this visit?"
In reply one of them handed me his card
on which was printed, "F. P. B.—, detective, Belfast city police, Ireland."
"Well, I fail to understand the nature of
your visit even now."
"Oh, yes, of course, we expected that;
but it is no good beating around the bush,
Mr. Edwards. I wish to ask you a few
questions."

"Proceed, then," I replied.
"Your name is Edwards, you admit?"
"Well—or—that is a name I used on one reasion."

"On Thursday evening you left White-

haven?"
"Yes."
"Were you, when in that town, lodging at the house of a Mrs. Smith?"
"Certainly I was."
"Then you are the man we want, and before I state the offense with which you are charged be careful what you say, as we shall use it as avidence against you."

More mystifled than ever, and boiling over with rage and indignation, I thun-

shall use it as ovidence against you

them remarked:
"I think you're Mr. Edwards?"

questions."

haven?

dered out:

meantime I did my business

Thursday. In the

She still seemed very dubious, and re

heavily on my hands for want of

"Why the dickens don't you come to the point? What blundering tomfooling is this? In search of me!—you warn me!—off nse!—charge!—evidence!"
"Now, Mr. Edwards," he interposed, "do not not be the company of the company not make a disturbance. I will read the charge, and then you can come with us

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quietly, and no one will be any the wiser."
Proceeding, he said: "You are charged on your own confession with murder; that is all I can tell you at present. My duty is to arrest you, so we will proceed at once to

In vain I tried to persuade the officer that he had made a great mistake, and that I knew nothing of the matter. When I became less excited I saw that the best way was to proceed in a cab to the station Thecame less excited 1 saw that the best way was to proceed in a cab to the station and explain matters there. A cab was procured, and while riding I tried to think. I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. What did it mean? Surely there was a glaring refetake, but I knew not a soul in all Ireland who could vindicate my character, and so my thoughts ran on until I was brought back to my senses by the officer, who suddenly said, "Here we are," and I was marched through a hall into the office, where the charge sheet was filled in, office, where the charge sheet was filled in, and I was locked in a cell, remonstrance

being of no avail.

Having been in the cell some hours, I bethought myself of my story, so I pulled the sheets of paper out of my pocket. The light was, however, too bad to enable me to read by. Determined to do something, I commenced counting the sheets of paper, and found that, instead of there being thirty sheets, there were only twenty-nine thirty sheets, there were only twenty-nine I counted again, and still there was one missing. This was very annoying, inas-much as I had intended posting my "story" on my arrival at Belfast.

ent, I emerged from the con artment, put my luggage (two sample bags) in the left luggage office and went off in search of diggings. I had not proceeded far when I noticed a card in a window on which was printed "Apartments." I made inquiries about the rooms, and was shown over them by the landlady. The price being favorable and her rooms comfortable, I engaged them for a fortnight. She seemed to look on me with suspicion, so I tried to assure her of my integrity and respectability he

on my arrival at Belfast.

The next thing that puzzled me was my inability to discover from which part of the tale the sheet was missing, for, as I said before, the cell was very dark.

I felt is all my pockets, not once, but about a dozon times, but falled to discover the lost sheet, and so I came to the conclusion that in my hurry I had left it at my lodgings in Whitehaven. Some time passed by, and then a warder lit the gas in the corridor and a stream of light found its way through the hole in the cell door. I once more took out my papers and eager. I once more took out my papers and enger-ly read them through, but the most inter-esting part of the tale was missing—the confession of the villain Edwards

er. She still seemed very dubious, and remarked apologetically:

"You haven't much luggage, sir."

"What little I carry I have left at the station; and now, if you please, I will take some tea, Mrs. Smith," I replied.

While she was preparing this meal I took out my book, and began to go over my literary effort, when the landlady entered to spread the table.

"By the bye, sir, may I make bold to ask your name?"

"Oh," I replied half jokingly, assuming the name I had given to a character in my story; "Edwards is my name." I little thought how much trouble I should pass through as the result of an assumed cognomen. "What! Yes, I see it all now," I ex-citedly exclaimed. "Warder!" I shouted. "Now, can't you make less noise there?"
answered that functionary, thrusting his
face in at the hole in the door.
"Please tell those two gentlemen who

arrested me that I wish to speak to them immediately."

Presently the two detectives arrived on

"Going to confess?" asked one,
"Yes," I replied, "but not to a crime.
Will you tell me if the confession I made
was on a sheet of paper like that?"
One of them took the sheet, remarking
that they had not yet got the full particu-

lars, merely a wire.

I passed a bad night in the cell, and woke

I passed a had night in the cell, and woke early next morning. About 9 o'clock I was informed that the English police had arrived. The superintendent of police from Whitehaven then came to my cell, and I explained to him that I had been writing a tale, and in gathering the loose pages of paper together at my lodgings I had accidentally loft one sheet out. I then handed the twenty-nine sheets to him and he went away. Presently he returned, laughing, saying:

"You have had a narrow escape. How came you to use as your own name that of the man you call Edwards in your story!"

I explained that my name was rather a long one, and that I just gave Mrs. Smith that name as I happened to be writing it at that that my . He then took my interlibed. the time. He then took me into the office and handed me the missing sheet, which rend as follows:

read as follows:

My name is not Edwards. The young man bearing that name worked by me in America. I quarreled with him, and in an angry moment I slew him and buried him. As his father had not seen him for many years, I came to pass myself off as his son, but I was followed by the police. Now I am going away again. Do not seek me, for you will never find me alive again.

Jos MULLINS.

When I had finished reading it Linguist.

When I had finished reading it I laughed loud and long, and so did all the officers and men. We had a high time of it that night at my hotel, and next morning I, tosailed for Whitehaven. When we arrived salies for Whitehaven. When we arrived there the piers were crowded with people, evidently looking for some one on board. A cab was waiting for us, so as soon as we handed we entered it, amid such exclainations as "That's him with the silk hat on!"
"Don't he look happy for a murderer?"

Arrived at the station, matters were ex-plained and apologies offered, and we part-ed the best of friends. Poor Mrs. Smith had a splendid tea ready for me, and with her apron in her eye corner she said: "I thought you couldn't 'n' done such n

The townsfolk soon heard through the papers that the whole affair was a mistake, and they considered it a great joke, but it taught me a lesson—never to lie, even in kalf joking fashion.—Yankee Blade.

A Noble Beginning.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, "and I've lived a long time longer than most men who have lived as long as I have, for there's mighty little in this world that I I oughtn't to know that I don't know, but there is one thing I don't know, and I've been trying to learn it for fifty years, more

'What's that?" interrupted Gamaliel,

"What's that?" interrupted Gamane, who is but a beginner.

"Well, my son, it's this: I don't know, and I don't believe I ever shall, why it is that when a man gets home at 3 o'clock in the morning and he finds he hasn't his night key in his pocket he can ring the bell, and thump the door, and throw pebbles up against the windows, and disturb the whole neighborhood, and keeps on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more bewhole neighborhood, and keeps on doing it for three-quarters of an hour or more before he wakes anybody in the house, but if he gets there at the same time, and has his night key in his pocket, and slips it into the lock as still as a mouse, and turns it without a creak, and shuts the door as softly as the dew falls, and creaps up stairs in his sock feet as stealthily as a cat, and gets into his room as noiselessly as the stars go to their rest, he not only as the stars go to their rest, he not only wakes up his wife, but next morning ev-erybody in the house is asking him what he means by coming in at that hour of the night, and if he must come in, then why he make less racket and not dis-

turb the whole country.

The old man in an excess of emotion gasped once or twice and began to mop his brow.

"That's what I don't know, young man," he went on, "and I'd like to live until you have lived as long as I have to see if you can find out, but I don't really believe you ever will."

ever will."
"PII try," briefly remarked Gamaliel, and those who know Gamaliel have a sublime confidence that he has made a noble beginning.—Memphis Appeal-Ava-

Hit the Hen.

Mrs. Suburb-I threw a stone at a hen

and hit it too.

Mr. Suburb-With the stone?

Mrs. Suburb-No, but my rin Mrs. Subarb-No, but my ring flew off and hit it right square. - New York Weekly.

A Dog's Decision. In Hungary it appears that a hard working knife grinder came to the police authorities of the town and reported that a ragpicker had stolen his dog and still had him.

The matter was looked into, and it was found that the ragpicker had in his possession a splendid dog of the variety known as the Great Dane, of which he could give

no satisfactory account.

The case was brought into court, and the judge decided that the dog himself should settle the matter.

The two claimants were placed at each The two claimants were placed at each and of a long table. The dog was led in by a bailiff and held by a string at a point between the judge and the table and exactly half way between the two claimants. The judge then clapped his hands three times, and the two men began to whistle vigorously to the dog. At the same instant the bailiff loosed the animal.

The Great Dane looked at the rugpicker, then at the knife grinder; then at one

The Great Dane looked at the ragpicker, then at the knife grinder; then at one bound he cleared the table, rushed down an aisle of the court room and disappeared through the door, to the astonishment of the court and the spectators.

The fact was that the dog belonged to neither of the contestants, but to a gentle-

The fact was that the dog beinger to neither of the contestants, but to a gentle-man to whose house he went straight from the court room. He had been stolen suc-cessively by both the knife grinder and the ragpicker.—Exchange.

A Gigantic Goddess of War.

In the Japanese capital there is a gigan-tic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures lifty four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of twenty persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and plaster. The time of its erection and gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had.—St. Louis Republic.

The shooting stars are small bodies, weighing at most a few pounds, and con-sisting mainly of iron and carbon. They traverse space in swarms and also revolve around the sun in long, elliptical courses, like the comets. When these little bodies enter the earth's orbit they are deflected toward the earth, and great numbers are seen in a single night.—Public Opinion.

A Pleasant Change. Mrs. Witherby—Aren't you sleeping much better than you were? You look

so much fresher.

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, indeed. Now that we are without a servant I am occupying my own room .- New York Herald.

A Good Season.

Belle-What a beautiful cluster pin you wear! Where did you get it? Kittie-Had it made of the stones in aside engagement rings.—Jewel-

ers' Weekly. He Talked Too Much.



"Wouldn't you like to try our hair re storer, sah? "Is yo' head a specimen recommenda

"No; that's the style this season."
"Well, I guess I'll be in the fashic
too."—Harper's Weekly.

The Strongest Man. Stranger—Don't talk to me about Abs! Pooh! To lift 200 pounds is nothing at all! Just look at these muscles! I'll

bet any money that I can stop a train with my right hand! Regular Customer-Thunder and turf! Then you must be a professional ath-

Stranger-No, an engine driver!-Tagliche Rundschau.

"I see by that sign," said the man in

the chair to the barber, "that you hone razors for private use." "Yes, sir. Have you some that want

honing? "No; but I was wondering why you didn't hone the razors you use on your customers."—Brooklyn Life.

Making an Application.

Housekeeper—No, no, no! I don't want anything. This is the tenth time I've had to say this this morning.

Tramp Peddler—Don't you want ter

hire me to stay here an say it for yer, ma'aux?-Harper's Dazar.

What's in a Name? "My name," said the distinguished lecturer, Professor Nudell, to the forgetful citizen who was about to introduce him, "is pronounced with the em-phasis on the first syllable."

"Exactly," said the citizen in a back handed whisper: "ladies and gentle-men, I now have the honor of introducing the distinguished orator of the evening, whose name must already be familiar to you. Professor Noodle, who will now address you."

And the orator of the evening stood

before them dumb with rage.—Detroit Free Press.

A Social Departure.



"Allow me, madame, to introduce my

"But, sir, I have never met you." "Oh, that makes no difference. My friend will introduce me."-Fliegende

In His Own Good Time.

Of course it was evening. The man who leaned fondly over the woman playing at the piano was no longer young.

Neither was the woman,
"Plinkity, plink, plinkity, plink,"
The man tenderly turned a leaf and

'Plink, plink, tumity, tum, tum." The woman played two notes which were not in the score and sighed also.

"Hannah." "What"-"Tumity, tumity, tumity, tum, tum."

"Is it, Robert?" The man averted his face to hide his

"Plink, plinkity, plink, plink."
The woman blushed a rosy red.
"Hannah, I've"—

"Tumity, tum, ti, tum."

"Yes, Robert."
The woman was playing many notes not to be seen upon the score. Her hands trembled as they glided over the eys.
"Plinkity, plink."

"As I was saying, Hannah, I've been coming to see you a long time." "Tumity, tum, tum."

"You have indeed, Robert." "Plink, plink." The touch of the trembling hands was

becoming feeble.
"Most fifteen years, Hannah."

"Plink." "Yes, Robert."

"Don't you think, Hannah"-"Pli"-

The hands dropped nerveless. "It would be all right, Hannah, if

"Ye-yes, Robert."

"Plinkity, plink, plink."
She struck the instrument as one in a

dream "If I should kiss you." "Wow."

With a sudden resolution born of desperation he pressed his lips to hers for a single ecstatic instant and then ran wildinto the open air to recover.-Detroit Tribune.

Which Sounded the Best? "I am afraid you think I am getting up in years," said Miss May True playfully to Cholly as they sat looking at the flickering logs in the grate.
"Not at all," said Cholly gallantly.
"You're not so old as you look. I mean,"

he added, correcting himself, "you look a great deal younger than you are."-Boston Globe.

She Was Surprised.
"He proposed to you last night?" did while we were out walking." "Well, I'll never believe a bit of gos-sip that I hear again in this town."

"Why, they said he would be very careful in making a choice and an awful hard man to please."—Cape Cod Item.

The Great Obstacle. Perdita-Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy.

Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble getting your father's con-

Perdita-No, but papa and I had an awful lot of trouble getting Jack's con-

After the Third Day. She-Just think, girls, I came over in the steamer with three live lords, and

they were all single. The Girls (in chorus)-Oh, how levely! And wasn't one of them even engaged? She-Not until the third day out .-

New York Herald. Can a Fellow Take Too Many? "Just one kiss before we part. You

will not refuse me." "Just one?"

"Yes."

"Very well, but don't take too many."

New York Press.

"Ah! If I were only that ring on your finger!" sighed young Mr. Smiggins.
"Yes," replied the fair girl. "If you were you'd be worth \$500."—Washing-

On the Fence. Watts-Are you an optimist or a pes-

Potts—Dunno. I haven't heard from the races yet.—Indianapolis Journal.

Attalie-Did Chollie Bohrman enjoy his vacation at the seaside? Amelie-I don't know, but his friends town did .- New York Herald.

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